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# THE DUBLIN LITERARY GAZETTE,

OR

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*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*—With Etchings, by W. H. Brooke, Esq. 2 Vols. 12mo. Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co. 1830. [UNPUBLISHED.]

We have just glanced through these volumes, and satisfied ourselves that they afford a faithful and most amusing exposition of the character and habits of the "rural population," as the phrase is, of our country. It would be idle and useless to enter into any lengthened critique of the work until it is before the public; in the meanwhile, we shall content ourselves with presenting, as a *bonne bouche*, a part of the first story, which cannot fail, we think, of pleasing our readers highly.

## THE THREE TASKS, OR THE LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE HILL.

Every person in the parish knows the purty knoll that rises above the Routing Burn, some few miles from the renowned town of Knockimdowny, which, as all the world must allow, wants only houses and inhabitants to be as big a place as the great town of Dublin itself. At the foot of this little hill, just under the shelter of a dacent pebble of a rock, something about the bulk of half a dozen churches, one would be apt to see—if they knew how to look sharp, otherwise they mightn't be able to make it out from the grey rock above it, except by the smoke that *ris* from the chimbley—Nancy Magennis's little cabin, snug and cosey, with its corrag, or *ould man* of branches, standing on the windy side of the door, to keep away the blast. Upon my word, it was a dacent little residence in its own way, and so was Nancy herself, for that matther; for, though a poor *widdy*, she was very *punctwell* in paying for Jack's schooling, as I often heard ould Terry M'Phaudeen say, who tould me the story. Jack indeed, grew up a fine slip; and, for hurling, foot-ball playing, and lepping, hadn't his likes in the five quarters of the parish. It's he that knew how to handle a spade and raping-hook, and what was better nor all that, he was kind and tindher to his poor ould mother, and would let her want for nothing. Before he'd go to his day's work in the morning, he'd be sure to bring home from the clear spring-well that ran out of the other side of the rock, a pitcher of water to serve her for the day; nor would he forget to bring in a good creel of turf from the snug little peat-stack that stood, thatched with rushes, before the door, and leave it in the corner, beside the fire; so that she had nothing to do but put over her hand, without rising off of her sate, and put down a sod when she wanted it. Nancy, on her part, kept Jack very clean and comfortable; his linen, though coorse, was always a good colour, his working clothes tidily mended at all times; and when he'd have occasion to put on his good coat to work in, for the first time,

Nancy would sew on the forepart of each sleeve a stout patch of ould cloth, to keep them from being worn by the spade; so that when she'd rip these off them every Saturday night, they would look as new and fresh, as if he hadn't been working in them, at all, at all. Then, when Jack came home in the winter nights, it would do your heart good to see Nancy sitting at her wheel, singing "*Stachan Maragah*," or "*Peggy Na Laveen*," beside a purty clear fire, with a small pot of *Murphys* boiling on it for their supper, or in a wooden dish, comfortably covered with a clean praskeen, on the well-swept hearthstone; whilst the quiet, dancing blaze might be seen blinking in the nice earthen plates and dishes, that stood over against the side-wall of the house. Just before the fire, you might see Jack's stool waiting for him to come home; and on the opposite side, the brown cat washing her face with her paws, or sitting beside the dog that lay asleep, quite happy and contented, purring her song, and now and then looking over at Nancy, with her eyes half shut, as much as to say, "Catch a happier pair nor we are, Nancy, if ye can." Sitting quietly on the roost above the door, were Dicky the cock, and half a dozen of hens, that kept this honest pair in eggs and *egg-milk* for the best part of the year—besides enabling Nancy to sell two or three clutches of March-birds every season, to help to buy wool for Jack's big-coat, and her own grey-beard gown and striped red and blue petticoat.

To make a long story short—no two could be more comfortable, considering every thing. But, indeed, Jack was always observed to have a dacent, ginteel turn with him; for he'd scorn to see a bad gown on his mother, or a broken Sunday-coat on himself; and instead of dhrinking his little earning in a sheeben house, and then eating his praties dry, he'd take care to have something to *kitchen* them; so that he was not only snug and dacent of a Sunday, regarding wareables, but so well-fed and rosy, that the point of a rush would take a drop of blood out of his cheek. Then he was the comliest and best looking young man in the parish, could tell lots of droll stories, and sing scores of merry songs, that would make ye split your sides with downright laughing; and when a wake or a dance would happen to be in the neighbourhood, maybe there wouldn't be many a sly lookout from the purty girls for pleasant Jack Magennis.

In this way lived Jack and his mother, as happy and contented as two lords; except now and then, that Jack would feel a little concern for not being able to lay past any thing for the sore foot, or that might enable him to think of marrying—for he was beginning to look about him for a wife; and why not, to be sure? But he was prudent for all that, and didn't wish to bring a wife and small family into poverty and hardship.

It was one fine, frosty, moonlight night—the sky was without a cloud, and the stars all

blinking that it would delight any body's heart to look at them, when Jack was crassing a bog that lay a few fields beyant his own cabin. He was just crooning the "*Humours of Glynn*" into himself, and thinking that it was a very hard case that he couldn't save any thing at all, at all, to help him to the wife—when, on coming down a bank in the middle of the bog, he saw a dark-looking man, leaning against a clump of turf, and a black dog sitting at his ase beside him, with a pipe of tobacky in his mouth, and he smoking as sober as a judge. Jack, however had a stout heart, becase his conscience was clear, and, barring being a little daunted, he wasn't very much afeard. "Who is this coming down towards us?" said the black-favoured man, as he saw Jack approaching them. "It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, making answer, and taking the pipe out of his mouth, with his right paw, and after puffing away the smoke, and rubbing the end of it against his left leg, exactly as a Christian (this day's Friday, the Lord stand betune us and harm,) would do against his sleeve, giving it at the same time to his comrade—"It's Jack Magennis," says the dog, "honest widow Maginnis's dacent son." "The very man," says the other, back to him, "that I'd wish to sarve, out of a thousand.—Arrah! Jack Magennis, how is every tether-length of you?" says the ould fellow, putting the *furraun* on him—"and how is every bone in your body, Jack, my darling? I'll bould a thousand guineas," says he, pointing to a great big bag that lay beside him, "and that's only the tenth part of what's in this bag, Jack, that you're just going to be in luck, this very night."

"And may worse never happen you, Jack, ma bouchal," says the dog, putting in his tongue, then wagging his tail, and *houlding* out his paw to shake hands with Jack.

"Gintlemen," says Jack, never minding to give the dog his hand, becase he heard it wasn't safe to touch the likes of him—"Gintlemen," says he, ye're sitting far from the fire this frosty night."

"Why, that's true, Jack," answers the ould fellow, "but if we're sitting far from the fire, we're sitting very near the makins of it." So with this, he pulls the bag of goold over to him, that Jack might know by the jingle of the shiners what was in it.

"Jack," says dark-face, "there's some born with a silver ladle in their mouth, and others with a wooden spoon; and if you'll just sit down on the one end of this clamp with me, and take a hand at the *five and ten*," pulling out, as he spoke, a *deck* of cards, "you may be a made man for the remainder of your life."

"Sir," says Jack, "with submission, both yourself and this cur—I mane," says he, not wishing to give the dog offence—"both yourself and this dacent gintleman with the tale and claws upon him, have the advantage of me, in respect of knowing my name; for, if I

don't mistake," says he, putting his hand to his hat, "I never had the pleasure of seeing either of you before."

"Never mind that," says the dog, taking back the pipe from the other, and clapping it in his mouth; "we're both your well-wishers, any how, and it's now your own fault if you're not a rich man."

"Jack, by this time, was beginning to think that they might be after wishing to throw loock in his way; for he had often heard of men being made up entirely by the fairies, till there was no end to their wealth."

"Jack," says the black man, "you had better be sed by us for this bout—upon the honour of a gentleman, we wish you well; howsoever, if you don't choose to take the ball at the right hop, another may, and you're welcome to toil all your life, and die a beggar after."

"Upon my reputation what he says is true, Jack," says the dog, in his turn, "the lucky minnit of your life is come; let it pass without doing what them that wishes your mother's son well desire you, and you'll die in a ditch."

"And what am I to do," says Jack, "that's to make me so rich all of a sudden?" "Why, only to sit down and take a game of cards with myself," says black-brow, "that's all, and I'm sure its not much."

"And what is it to be for?" Jack enquires, "for I have no money—tarenation to the rap itself is in my company."

"Well, you have yourself," says the dog, putting up his foreclaw along his nose, and winking at Jack, "you have yourself, man—don't be faint-hearted: he'll bet the contents of this bag;" and with that the ould thief gave it another great big shake, to make the ginneys jingle again—"It's ten thousand ginneys in hard gould; if he wins, you're to sarve him for a year and a day; and if he loses, you're to have the bag."

"And the money that's in it," says Jack, wishing, you see, to make a sure bargain any how.

"Ev'ry penny," answered the ould chap, "if you win it; and there's fifty to wan in your favour."

"By this time the dog had got into a great fit of laughing at Jack's sharpness about the money. "The money that's in it, Jack," says he, and he took the pipe out of his mouth, and laughed till he brought on a hard fit of coughing. "O, by this and by that," says he, "but that bates Bannagher! and you're to get it ev'ry penny, you thief of the world, if you win it;" but, for all that, he seemed to be laughing at something that Jack wasn't up to.

"At any rate, surely, they palavered Jack betune them, until he sot down and consinted.—"Well," says he, scratching his head, "why, wome nor lose I can't, so here goes for wan trial at the shiners, any how!"

"Now," says the obscure jentleman, just whin the first card was in his hand ready to be laid down, "you're to sarve me for a year and a day, if I win; and if I lose, you shall have all the money in the bag."

"Exactly," says Jack, and just as he said the words, he saw the dog putting the pipe in his pocket, and turning his head away for fraid Jack would see him breaking his sides laughing. At last, when he got his face sobered, he looks at Jack, and says, "surely, Jack, if you win, you must get all the money in the bag; and upon my reputation you may build castles in the air with it, you'll be so rich."

"This plucked up Jack's courage a little, and to work they went; but how could it end otherwise than that Jack should loose betune two such knowing schemers as they soon turned out to be? For what do you think, but as Jack was beginning the game, the dog tips him a wink, laying his fore claw along his nose, as before, as much as to say, "watch me, and you'll win,"—turning round, at the same time, and showing Jack a nate little looking glass that was set in his oxther, in which Jack saw, dark as it was, the spots of all the other fellow's cards, as he thought, so that he was cock sure of bateing him. But they were a pair of downright knaves, any how; for Jack, by playing to the cards that he saw in the looking-glass, instead of to them the other held in his hand, lost the game and the money. In short, he saw that he was blarpied and chated by them both; and when the game was up he plainly tould them as much.

"What, you scoundrel!" says the black fellow, starting up, and catching him by the collar, "dare you go for to impache my honour?"

"Leather him, if he says a word," says the dog, running over on his hind legs, and laying his shut paw upon Jack's nose, "say another word, you rascal," says he, "and I'll down you;" with this the ould fellow gives him another shake.

"I don't blame you so much," says Jack to him, "it was the looking-glass that desaved me."

"What looking-glass, you knave you?" says darkface, giving him a fresh haul.

"Why the wan I saw under the dog's oxther," replied Jack.

"Under my oxther! you swindling rascal," replies the dog, giving him a pull by the other side of the collar; "did ever any honest pair of jintlemen hear the like?—but he only wants to break through the agreement; so let us turn him at wance into an ass, and then he'll break no more bargains, nor strive to take in honest men and win their money." So saying, the dark fellow drew his two hands over Jack's jaws, an' in a twinklin' there was a pair of asses ears growing up out of his head. When Jack found this, he knew that he wasn't in good hands; so he thought it best to get himself as well out of the scrape as possible.

"Jintlemen, be aisy," says he, "and let us understand one another; I'm very willing to sarve you for a year and a day, but I've wan request to ax, and it's this; I've a helpless ould mother at home, and if I go with you now she'll brake her heart with grief first, and starve afterwards. Now, if your honour will give me a year to work hard, and lay in provision to support her while I'm away, I'll sarve you with all the veins of my heart—for a bargain's a bargain." With this the dog gave his companion a pluck by the skirt, and after some chat together that Jack didn't hear, they came back, and said they would comply with his wishes that far; "So, on to-morrow twelvemonth, Jack," says the dark fellow, "the dog here will come to your mother's, and if you follow him, he'll bring you safe to my castle."

"Very well, your honour," says Jack; "but as dogs resemble wan another so much, how will I know him whin he comes?"

"Why," answers the other, "he'll have a green ribbon about his neck, and a pair of Wellington boots on his hind legs."

"That's enough, Sir," says Jack, "I can't mistake him in that dress, so I'll be ready."

"During that year Jack wrought night and day, that he might be able to lave as much provision with his poor mother as would support her in his absence; and when the morning came that he was to bid her farewell, he went down on his two knees and got her blessing.—He then left her with tears in his eyes, and promised to come back the very minnit his time would be up. "Mother," says he, "be kind to your little family here, an' feed them well, as they're all you'll have to keep you company till you see me again."

"His mother then stuffed his pockets with bread, till they stuck out behind 'im, an' gave him a crooked sixpence for luck; after which he got his staff, and was just ready to tramp, when, sure enough, he spies his ould friend the dog, with the green ribbon about his neck, and the Wellington boots upon his hind legs. He didn't go in, but waited on the outside till Jack came out. They then set off, but no one knows how far they travelled, till they reached the dark gentleman's castle, who appeared very glad to see Jack, an' gave him a hearty welcome.

"The next day, in consequence of his long journey, he was ax'd to do nothing; but, in the coorse of the evening, the dark chap brought him into a long, frightful room, where there were three hundred an' sixty-five hooks sticking out of the wall, and on every hook, but one, a man's head. When Jack saw this agreeable sight, his dinner began to quake within him; but he felt himself still worse, when his master pointed to the empty hook, saying, "Now Jack, your business tomorrow is to cleanse out a stable that wasn't cleansed for the last seven years, and if you don't have it finished before dusk—do you see that hook?"

"Ye—yes," replied Jack, hardly able to spake. "Well, if you don't have it finished before dusk, your head will be hanging on that hook as soon as the sun sets."

"Very well, your honour," replied Jack; scarcely knowing what he said, or he wouldn't have said very well to such a bloody-minded intention, any how—"Very well," says he, "I'll do my best, an' all the world knows that the best can do no more."

"Whilst this discourse was passing betune them, Jack happened to look to the upper end of the room, an' there he saw one of the beautifullest faces that ever was seen on a woman, looking at him through a little panel that was in the wall. She had a white, snowy forehead—such eyes, and cheeks, and teeth, that there's no coming up to them; and the clusters of dark hair that hung about her beautiful temples—by the laws, I'm afraid of falling in love with her myself, so I'll say no more about her, only that she would charm the heart of a miser. At any rate, in spite of all the ould fellow could say—heads an' hooks an' all—Jack could'n't help throwing an eye now an' then to the panel; an' to tell the truth, if he had been born to riches and honour, it would be hard to fellow 'im, for a good face an' a good figure.

"Now, Jack," says his master, "go, an' get your supper, an' I hope you'll be able to perform your task—if not, off goes your head."

"Very well, your honour," says Jack, again scratching it in the hoith of perplexity; "I must only do what I can."

"The next morning Jack was up with the sun, if not before him, and hard at his task; but before breakfast time he lost all heart, and little wonder he should, poor fellow, because

for every one shovel-full he'd throw out, there would come three more in : so that instead of making his task less, according as he got on, it became greater. He was now in the greatest dilemma, an' didn't know how to manage, so he was driven at last to such an amplus, that he had no other shift for employment, only to sing *Paddoen O'Rafferty* out of mere vexation, and dance the horn-pipe trebling step to it, cracking his fingers, half mad, through the stable. Just in the middle of his tantrum, who comes to the door to call him into his breakfast, but the beautiful crathur he saw the evening before, peeping at him through the pannel. At this minute, Jack had so hated himself by the dancing, that his handsome face was in a fine glow, entirely.

"I think," said she to Jack, with wan of her own sweet smiles, "that this is an odd way of performing your task."

"Och, then, 'tis you that may say that," replies Jack, "but it's myself that's willing to have my head hung up any day, just for one sight of you, you darling."

"Where did you come from?" asked the lady, with another smile that bate the first all to nothing.

"Where did I come from, is it?" answered Jack, "why, death-alive! did you never hear of ould Ireland, my jewel?—hem—I mane plase your ladyship's honour."

"No," she answered, "where is that country?"

"Och, by the honour of an Irishman," says Jack, "that takes the shine!—not heard of green Erin—the Imerald Isle—the Jim of the ocean, where all the men are brave and honourable, and all the women—hem—I mane the ladies—chaste and beautiful?"

"No," said she, "not a word: but if I stay longer I may get you blame—come into your breakfast, and I'm sorry to find that you have done so little at your task. Your master's a man that always acts up to what he threatens; and, if you have not this stable cleared out before dusk, your head will be taken off your shoulders this night."

"Why, then," says Jack, "my beautiful darl—plase your honour's ladyship—if he hangs it up, will you do me the favor, a-cushla machree, to turn my head toardst that same pannel where I saw a sartin fair face that I wont mention, and if you do, may I never—"

"What means *cushla machree*?" enquired the lady, as she turned to go away.

"It manes that you're the pulse of my heart, avourneen, plase your ladyship's reverence," says Jack.

"Well," said the lovely crathur, "any time you speak to me in future, I would rather you would omit terms of honour, and just call me after the manner of your own country; instead, for instance, of calling me your ladyship, I would be better pleased if you called me *cushla*—something—" "*Cushla machree*, *ma vourneen*—the pulse of my heart—my darling," said Jack, consterin it (the thief) for her, for fraid she would'n't know it well enough.

"Yes," she replied, "*cushla ma chree*; well, as I can pronounce it, a *cushla ma chree*, will you come in to your breakfast?" said the darling, giving Jack a smile, that would be enough, any day, to do up the heart of an Irishman.—Jack, accordingly, went after her, thinking of nothing except herself, but on going in he could see no sign of her, so he sat down to his breakfast, though a single ounce the poor fel-

low could'n't ate, at that bout, for thinking of her.

"Well, he went again to his work, and thought he'd have better luck; but it was still the ould game—three shovel-fulls would come in for every one he'd throw out; and now he began, in earnest, to feel something about his heart that he didn't like, bekase he couldn't for the life of him, help thinking of the three hundred and sixty-four heads and the empty hook. At last he gave up the work entirely, and took it into his head to make himself scarce from about the ould fellow's castle, altogether; and, without more to do, he sets off, never saying as much as 'good bye' to his master: but he hadn't got as far as the lower end of the yard, when his ould friend, the dog, steps out of a kennel, and meets him full butt in the teeth.

"So, Jack," says he, "you're going to give us leg bail, I see, but walk back with yourself, you spalpeen, this minnit, and join your work, or if you dont," says he, "it'll be worse for your health. I'm not so much your enemy now as I was, bekase you have a friend in coort that you know nothing about; so just do whatever you are bid, and keep never minding."

"Jack went back with a heavy heart, as you may be sure, knowing that, whenever the black cur began to blarney him, there was no good to come in his way. He, accordingly, went into the stable, but consuming to the hand's turn he did, knowing it would be only useless; for, instead of clearing it out, he'd be only filling it.

"It was now near dinner-time, and Jack was very sad and sorrowful, as how could he be otherwise, poor fellow, with such a bloody-minded ould chap to dale with? when up comes the darling of the world again, to call him to his dinner.

"Well, Jack," says she, with her white arms so beautiful, and her dark clusters tossed about by the motion of the walk—"how are you coming on at your task?" "How am I coming on, is it? Och, then," says Jack, giving a good-humoured smile through the frown that had been on his face, "plase your lady—a *cushla ma chree*—it's all over with me: for I've still the same story to tell, and off goes my head, as sure as it's on my shoulders, this blessed night."

"That would be a pity, Jack," says she, "for there are worse heads on worse shoulders; but will you give me the shovel?" "Will I give you the shovel, is it?—Och, then, wouldn't I be a right big baste to do the likes of that, any how?" says Jack; "what! *avourneen dheelish*! to stand up with myself, and let this hard shovel into them beautiful, soft, white hands of your own! Faith, my jewel, if you knew but all, my mother's son's not the man to do sich a disgraceful turn, as to let a lady like you take the shovel out of his hand, and he standing with his mouth under his nose, looking at you—not myself, *avourneen*! we have no such unginteele manners as that in our country." "Take my advice, Jack," says she, "pleased in her heart at what Jack said, for all she didn't pertend it—"give me the shovel, and depend upon it, I'll do more in a short time to clear the stable, than you would for years." "Why, then, *avourneen*, it goes to my heart to refuse you; but for all that, may I never see yesterday, if a taste of it will go into your purty, white fingers," says the thief,

praising her to her face all the time—"my head may go off, any day, and welcome, but death before dishonour. Say no more, darling; but tell your father I'll be in to my dinner immediately." Notwithstanding all this, by jingo the lady would not be put off; like a ra-al woman, she'd have her way, so on telling Jack that she didn't intend to work with the shovel, at all at all, but only to take it for a minute in her hand, at long last he gave it to her; when she struck it three times on the threshold of the door, and, giving it back into his hand, told him to try what he could do. Well, sure enough there was a change; for, instead of three shovel-fulls coming in, as before, when he threw one out, there went nine more along with it. Jack, in coorse, couldn't do less than thank the lovely crathur for her assistance; but, when he raised his head to speak to her, she was gone. I needn't say, howsomever, that he went into his dinner, with a light heart, and when the ould fellow axed him how he was coming on, Jack told him that he was doing gloriously. "Remember the empty hook, Jack," says he. "Never fear, your honour," answered Jack, "if I don't finish my task, you may bob my head off any time."

"Jack now went out, and was a short time getting through his job, for, before the sun set it was finished, and he came into the kitchen, ate his supper, and, sitting down before the fire, sung "Love among the roses," and the "Black Joke," to vex the ould fellow.

"This was one task over, and his head was safe for this bout; but that night, before he went to bed, his master called him up stairs, brought him into the bloody room, and gave him his orders for the next day. "Jack," says he, "I have a wild filley that has never been caught, and you must go to my demesne to-morrow, and catch her, or if you dont—look there," says the big blackguard, "on that hook it hangs, before to-morrow, if you hav'n't her before sunset in the stable that you clanded yesterday." "Very well, your honour," says Jack, "I'll do every thing in my power, and if I fail, I can't help it."

"The next morning Jack was out with a bridle in his hand, going to catch the filley. As soon as he got into the demesne, sure enough there she was in the middle of a green field, grazing quite at her aze. When Jack saw this he went over toardst her, houlding out his hat, as if it was full of oats; but he kept the hand that had the bridle in it behind his back, for fraid she'd see it, and make off. Well, my dear, on he went till he was almost within grip of her, cock sure that he had nothing more to do than slip the bridle over her neck and secure her; but he made a bit of a mistake in his reckoning, for though she smelt and smoaked about him, just as if she didn't care a feed of oats whether he caught her or not, yet when he boulded over to hould her fast, she was off like a shot, with her tail cocked, to the far end of the demesne, and Jack had to set off hot foot after her. All, however, was to no purpose; he couldn't come next or near her for the rest of the day, and there she kept coorsing him about, from one field to another, till he hadn't a blast of breath in his body.

"In this state was Jack, when the beautiful crathur came out to call him home to his breakfast, walking with the pretty small feet and light steps of her own, upon the green fields, so bright and beautiful, scarcely bending the

grass and flowers as she went along, the darling. "Jack," says she, "I fear you have as difficult a task to-day as you had yesterday."—"Why, and its you that may say that with your own purty mouth," says Jack, says he; for, out of breath and all, as he was, he couldn't help giving her a bit of blarney, the rogue.—"Well, Jack," says she, "take my advice, and don't tire yourself any longer, by attempting to catch her; truth's best—I tell you, you could never do it. Come home to your breakfast, and when you return again, just amuse yourself as well as you can until dinner time." "Och, Och!" says Jack, striving to look, the sly thief, as if she had promised to help him—"I only wish I was a king, and, by the powers, I know who would be my queen, any how; for it's your own sweet lady—*savourneen dheelish*—I say, amn't I bound to you for a year and a day longer, for promising to give me a lift, as well as for what you done yesterday." "Take care, Jack," says she, smiling, however, at his ingenuity, in striving to trap her into a promise, "I don't think I made any promise of assistance." "You didn't!" says Jack, wiping his face with the skirt of his coat, 'cause why? you see pocket handkerchiefs weren't invited in them times; "Why, then, may I never live to see yesterday, if there's not as much ra-al beauty in that smile that's diverting itself about them sweet-breathing lips of yours, and in them two eyes of light that's breaking both their hearts laughing at me, this minnit, as would encourage any poor fellow to expect a good turn from you—that is, when you could do it, without hurting or harming yourself; for it's he would be the right rascal that could take it, if it would injure a silken hair of your head."—"Well," said the lady, with another roguish smile, "I shall call you home to your dinner, at all events."

[We hope to conclude this story in our next.]

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

*The Christian Physiologist.* Tales illustrative of the Five Senses, their mechanism, uses, and government; with moral and explanatory introductions. Addressed to a young friend. Edited by the Author of the *Collegians*.—London, E. Bull.

THE design of this volume is excellent, and the execution of it highly creditable. Without any of the mawkish silliness or affected declamation, which many persons of weak understandings and vitiated taste mistake for religion and eloquence, it aims at conveying, in clear and forcible language, strong reasons for adhering to the practical duties of religion, and plain refutations of the sceptical cavils which hourly meet the ear of every youthful Christian who mingles in the varied society of a metropolis. It is a singular but indisputable fact, that while the science of the human body is triumphantly pointed to by the natural theologian, as affording, by its evidence of design and beneficence in the designer, irrefragable proof of the power and attributes of a creator 'who careth for us,' there is, perhaps, no class of educated men less attentive to this all-important truth than the members of that profession of which the diligent study of anatomy is the only sure groundwork. It would seem as if the constant dabbling in the perishable matter of humanity, and

the habit of referring all the visible phenomena to their immediate physical causes, had a materializing effect even upon the spirit, and the mind of the practitioner gradually becomes indurated with a fleshly coating, which prevents it from seeking beyond mere nerves and muscles, even for the powers of motion or the causes of sensation.

To instruct the reader in the natural history of his own frame, and whilst explaining the nature and mechanism of the five external senses, to teach the government and use which we, as accountable beings, are bound to make of them, is the avowed intention of the author of the present work. For this purpose, he gives a popular account, stripped of all technicality of phrase, of the mechanism, mode of operation, and peculiar advantages of each of the organs of sense, followed by an original tale containing some striking incident illustrative of the use or abuse of the particular organ to the account of which the story is appended. Then follows a chapter on the intellect, intended to point out the duties of a Christian with respect to sensation generally, and the whole is concluded by the story of *Psyche*, an allegory in which the human soul is represented under some of the various temptations to which it is exposed by the influence of the senses, in its unsatisfying search after earthly happiness, together with the safeguards which Providence has placed within its reach. Finally, *Psyche* obtains rest for her soul, at the foot of the blood-stained cross, and finds peace in the volume of the Book, which contains the mystery of her redemption, and which was dictated by the Almighty himself for the instruction of the sons of men.

But, while in the part that is strictly didactic, proper pains are taken to impress upon the learner, that the real use and proper object of this, and of every part of knowledge, in which he is at any time instructed, is to enable him more fully to accomplish the end of his being, and to advance his spiritual and eternal interests, the illustrative tales are of a lighter and more amusing cast. The scene is laid in Ireland, and this department of the book is, we suspect, indebted for more than the editing to Mr. Griffin. From the first of these tales, the kelp-gatherer, relating to the sense of sight, we shall select a specimen: The widow of a fisherman, who had perished in a storm, on the west coast of Ireland, lived in poverty and toil with her only son. The family under whom the Reardons (that was the name of the widow and her son,) held their cabin, emigrated to America, and the prospect of certain improvement, from the wretchedness in which he lived at home, and probable good fortune, induced the young man to accompany them, leaving his mother, secured by the best means he could, from absolute want, and promising to return so soon as he should obtain the means of ministering to her comforts in old age. After some time he was enabled to remit to her a portion of his earnings, and at length he wrote to her that within two months from that time he hoped by the blessing of Providence, to see her once more, and that his wife, and his two children would accompany him, that they might live together in her ancient dwelling for the rest of her days:

"Fancy if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her, was

such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent, and other great men, who passed through that lonely district. A few flowers sprung up in her sally fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished, that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life, up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward, with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation, to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to heaven, and her entire dependence upon the Divine will.

"But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and of faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty, by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read, in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart, showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion, she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff-head, and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers, which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, with her deck covered with pale and frightened faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son, and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft, and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window, made her start, and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow, during the whole of that period, in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had